

SONNET LXV I.



H, SWEET Content<sup>1</sup> where is thy  
mild abode ? Is it with  
Shepherds, and light-hearted  
Swains, Which sing upon the downs,  
and pipe abroad. Tending their flocks  
and cattle on the plains ?  
Ahj, sweet Content! where dost thou  
safely rest ? In heaven, with angels ?  
which the praises sing Of Him that  
made, and rules at His behest<sub>3</sub> The  
minds and hearts of every living thing.  
Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine  
harbour hold ? Is it in churches, with  
Religious Men, Which please the gods  
with prayers manifold ; And in their  
studies meditate it then ?  
Whether thou dost in heaven, or earth  
appear ; Be where thou wilt! Thou wilt  
not harbour here !

SONNET LXVII.



F CUPID keep his quiver in thine  
eye,  
And shoot at over-daring gazers'  
hearts!  
Alas, why be not men afraid ! and fly  
As from MEDUSA'S, doubting after smarts  
? Ah, when he draws his string, none sees  
his bow !  
Nor hears his golden-feathered arrows  
sing !  
Ay me ! till it be shot, no man doth  
know;  
Until his heart be pricked with the  
sting. Like semblance bears the musket in  
the field:  
It hits, and kills unseen ! till unawares,  
To death, the wounded man his body  
yield. And thus a peasant, CJESAR'S glory  
dares.  
This difference left 'twixt MARS his field,  
and LOVE'S;  
That CUPID'S soldier shot, more torture  
proves !